

With every tribute stream and brimming creek,
Ponders, possessor of the utmost good,
With no more left to seek ;—
But the hour wanes and passes ; and once more
Resounds the ebb with destiny in its roar.

XXXI.

So might some lord of men, whom force and fate
And his great heart's unvanquishable power
Have thrust with storm to his supreme estate,
Ascend by night his solitary tower
High o'er the city's lights and cries uplift.
Silent he ponders the scrolled heaven to read
And the keen stars' conflicting message sift,
Till the slow signs recede,
And ominously scarlet dawns afar
The day he leads his legions forth to war.
